



The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.



The Shepherds worship Christ.



The Circumcision.



Herod's Cruelty.



Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.



The Marriage in Cana.



The Lord's Supper.



A COPY of VERSES, humbly presented to all my worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES,
Of Grosvenor-street Ward, in the Parish of St. George, Hanover-square,
By JAMES PIPER, Beadle and Bellman, for the Year 1796.

PROLOGUE.

WHENEER a Play is first brought on the Stage,
(As many are in this dramatic Age)
A Prologue must be had, to please the Town,
Or else the Play will hardly e'er go down—
So without some such Bait, this humble Sheet
May not with your Applause so freely meet—
Your Bellman therefore, worthy Sirs, designs
To give, by way of Prologue, these few Lines.

On ST. MICHAEL.

ST. Michael, hail! to glorious thee 'twas given,
To head th' angelic Legions in high Heaven,
When Satan, and his curst rebellious Clan,
Form'd a most horrid, execrable Plan;
But lo! beneath thy Loyalty they fell,
And instant tumbled Headlong into Hell.
Their base Presumption led them to that Fate,
Which all such guilty Persons will await.

On ST. LUKE.

THAT great and good Evangelist, St. Luke,
By Inspiration pen'd a holy Book,
By which the Birth, the Life and Death, we And,
Of our great Lord, the Saviour of Mankind;
Which by his faithful teaching might attain,
And, by believing, sure Salvation gain.

On ST. ANDREW.

PERFIDIOUS Men! and thirstily after Blood!
How could you vilely render ill for Good,
Follow the Dictates of your own curs'd Laws,
And crucify this Saint without a Cause?
The Man, who strove to lead into the Way,
Your wand'ring Souls, which long had gone astray.

On ST. THOMAS.

ST. Thomas, tho' appointed of our Lord,
One of the chosen Twelve to preach the Word;
And tho' inspir'd, yet the Flesh was frail,
As Man he sinn'd, thus Nature did prevail;
For well he knew from Heaven his Master came,
And that the Great Jehovah was his Name.

On CHRISTMAS EVE.

MY pretty Maids do each a Housewife's Part,
And each be dextrous in your sing'lar Art:
Let not a Cobweb in your House appear,
Nor yet forget to tap your Christmas Beer;
See that your Pies and Puddings are well made,
Your Dairies minded, and your Poultry fed;
Set out the standing Dish for all that come,
And don't forget to give your Bellman some.

On CHRISTMAS DAY.

THIS Day records our blessed Saviour's Birth,
Rejoice with Cheerfulness and holy Mirth;
No drunken Revels should profane the Day,
But rather let your needy Neighbours say,
"Success and blessings to our Masters be,
Who hath refresh'd us in our Poverty."
With thankful Hearts, and universal Mirth,
Still celebrate the Day of His great Birth!

On ST. STEPHEN.

THE holy Martyr, Stephen, boldly stood,
Confess'd the Faith, and call'd it with his Blood,
Telling his Persecutors to their Face,
They were a faithless, unbelieving Race.
While round his Head the Stones incessant flew,
He begg'd the Lord to spare the murthering Crew.
Ye Christians, hence this great Example prize,
And pray, like him, to save your Enemies.

On ST. JOHN.

THE Jews enrag'd at what St. John had preach'd,
At once their Goodness and their Sense impeach'd.
His Doctrine happen'd not to suit, tho' plain,
For this they threaten'd Vengeance, but in vain:
This blest Apostle, firm in Faith, could smile
Both at the poison'd Cup and boiling Oil.
Who follows thus his Faith, shall surely be
Preserv'd in Time, and to Eternity.

On INNOCENTS DAY.

WHEN Herod found the Wife Men went their Way,
Nor came and told him where the Infant lay,
His wicked Purpose broke at once to View,
He sends, and every tender Infant flew:
In Bethlehem, and all its Coast around,
That under Two Years old all Males should bleed!

On NEW YEAR'S DAY.

PREGNANT with grand Exploits! let radiant Fame
Spread wide around Britannia's fav'rite Name;
From Time to Time be echo'd in the Streets,
The Conquests of her Armies and her Fleets;
Till France, crush'd by superior Pow'r, shall own
How vain it is t' encroach on George's Throne.

On TWELFTH DAY.

THIS Night is spent in chusing King and Queen,
When harmless Mirth and innocence are seen;
But some perhaps in what they wish may fail,
Instead of King and Queen, chuse Draggel-tail:
As for my own Part, I'm not over nice,
I care not what I chuse, so I've a Slice.

On the KING.

LONG may great George adorn the British Throne,
Whose innate Goodness o'er the World is known;
May he frustrate the Schemes of all his Foes,
Till Victory shall bring us calm Repose;
And grant that all domestic Foes may cease,
That we may live in Unity and Peace:
Long may he the British Sceptre sway,
And all his Subjects cheerfully obey.

On the QUEEN.

OUR gracious Queen, our Monarch's dear Delight,
His bosom Partner both by Day and Night;
Whole Kindness softens the Furies of State,
Which press the Bosom with superior Weight;
Each loyal Subject joys, and gladly sees
Their present Blessings multiply'd thro' thee,
In whose fair Progeny will still be seen
Our gracious Monarch and his virtuous Queen.

To my MASTERS.

MY worthy Masters, as on Bed you lie,
Think that the Time will come when you must die;
And as the Tinkling which my Bell doth make,
Does from the Sweets of Sleep your Bodies wake:
So the last Trumpet shall the same repeat,
And bring you to that awful Judgment-Seat.
Joyful you'll rise, provided you live well,
Nor mind that Trumpet more than this my Bell.

To my MISTRESSES.

LADIES, my Muse did much herself perplex,
How to address the fair, the charming Sex;
A Sex that is a kind of middle Nature,
Between an Angel and a human Creature;
Not made of common Dull, but Dull refin'd!
And fram'd to please and to delight Mankind.
May mutual Love and Happiness increase,
And all your Days pass in Health and Peace.

To the YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG Men, if you a Blessing fair would find,
First serve the Lord, his Precepts bear in Mind;
Keep his Commands while in your blooming Youth,
And guide your Footsteps by the Word of Truth.
So shall you gain the Love of God and Man.

To the YOUNG MAIDS.

ATTEND, fair Maidens, to a Friend's Advice,
Consent ye not, when arful Men entice;
No Joy can equal that which Virtue gives—
No Sorrow can last long, whilst Virtue lives:
Be this your Care—preserve a virtuous Mind,
And then a secret Bliss you'll always find.

On CRISPIN.

TO keep this Day the Craft all join together,
All true as Steel, and firm as is their Leather;
What Money's got this Day they know won't thrive,
Their Wax is harden'd, and their Aul won't drive:
But tho' from Work they let St. Crispin pass,
They labour very hard at Mug and Glafs.

The BELLMAN'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, to thee my Pray'r I send,
From ill Designs Britannia's Isle defend;
Let not our Sins increase as does our Days,
But let us strive in Time to mend our Ways—
Sin is the Cause of all our Woe and Sorrow,
Who lives in Sin To-day may die To-morrow.
Swift-footed Time his Course doth run in haste,
And each Man, rich or poor, Death's Cup must taste.

EPILOGUE.

WHEN first your Bellman, Sirs, took up his Pen,
Frighten'd to Death, he laid it down again;
He knew, and many an instance serves to show it,
That none could make, but what was born a Poet:
He soon reviv'd, and found upon Reflection,
That generous Person seldom gave Correction;
Urg'd on by this, he offers what you see,
And hopes you'll not refuse the usual Fee.

The Birth of Christ.



The Wife Men's Offering.



Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Christ baptized by John the Baptist.



Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.



Stephen stoned.



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Judas betrays Christ.



Peter denies Christ.



Christ's Crucifixion.



The Resurrection.



The Ascension.

